VOL. 1 Chicago, Illinois, May, 1924 NO. 2

The Liberal

Mother

Mother! Whatever birth or skill has brought
To man, of public honor, private pride—
Whatever fame or glory he has sought
And gained—he has, if your love is denied
To him, an empty heart. No truth in books,
No creed of church, no pompous talk of man,
Can be divine as mother's heart, that looks
And sees, forgives, inspires us as it can.

Let us pause then, and scan within our heart
This world where we proud folk so careless dwell
Along the ways, and keep this thought apart.
The mother of Judas loved her boy as well
As Mary loved her little Jesus child.
And God smiles on them both, as sweet and mild.

—James Witherell.

Written especially for "The Liberal"

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THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

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"A PREACHER VISITS A BISHOP"

Many years ago a curly sandy-haired freckled face vivacious lad bounded into the president's office of Baker University at Baldwin, Kansas. "I want to attend this college, sir," he said to the President. "Very well, my boy, we'll talk it over. What have you in the way of money?" asked the college President. "None," replied the boy, "but I have two hands and a head and I will do anything that is honorable to pay my way through." Then and there Baker University, accepted, and Baldwin adopted, William A. Quayle. Today he is back in Baldwin weak in body, but unbroken in spirit, living in the home he built nine years ago close to the campus that he loves so devotedly. I have just come from that home and this day, November 14, 1923, will always live in my memory as the day when I lingered in the presence of a heaven-lit-soul. Over twenty years ago I first met him at a small denominational college in the Mid-West. I was a freshman. For years I had heard of Dr. Quayle. I had read his books. He was one of my many heroes of the Pulpit. After hearing him that night, I was thrown into an ecstacy that successfully defeated sleep. Wide awake in my bed, I heard again and again that orchestral voice, vibrant with every human emotion. Those eyes that flashed every feeling of his soul, his tousled hair, his black string tie, unconsciously tied longer in one loop than the other, so that an end hung loosely at the bosom of his shirt, his worn Prince Albert coat, his unpressed trousers—why any other man would have looked unkempt—but this man was Quayle. The intervening years have only intensified those early impressions. Then and there he became my inspiration. I followed him through his ministry at St. James, was gladdened when his Church called him to her highest Office, have wept with him over a dying Jean Valjean, stood by his side on the deck of a boat tossed on an angry sea by the whim of winds, walked by his side down a railroad track running over a Kansas prairie—he, seeing God and beauty everywhere—when a lesser man could see only rails, ties, and weeds—and today I have seen him again. I walked from my Hotel in Baldwin through the tree decked campus of Baker University, down a street that runs countryward (no other street would he live on) to his home. Yes Home, for Bishop Quayle has come Home. He built the house, he told me today, so that when the very thing that has happened did come, he would have a place to call Home. Here in a Kansas town he lives, close to the University dear to him, surrounded by the "folks" he knows best, in a house of his own planning, surrounded by trees, shrubs and vines of his own planting—this gentle poet, preacher, bishop is serenely waiting.

One cannot get a good view of the Bishop's house from the road, for his front yard is a tangled wildwood. A two-foot slab stone fence, covered with vines, borders the road in front of the house. Two rough stone posts support the weather beaten black walnut gate that was given to him by a "brother" in Indiana. One side of the gate facing the house is carved with the name "W. A. Quayle." The path that leads to his door is laid with rough brick. The moment I opened the gate, if I didn't know who lived there, I would immediately have thought, "Why, here is just the sort of a place that Bishop Quayle would live in." Slowly walking up the walk, almost reluctant

to see him with whom I had never associated any weakness, wondering what I would say when I did see him. I looked toward the house. Although it is only an hour or so since I was there, I cannot remember whether I stopped walking or not. I believe I did. There, just a few feet ahead of me—I saw him—"That surely isn't the Bishop," I thought. Another look, yes—there he was, coming slowly toward me, leaning on a snarled black thorn stick, carrying a letter in the hand that held the cane, and a small laundry bag in the other. He was walking with effort, and with a slight jerking motion with his left leg. I put out my hand—"Bishop Quayle—and how are you this bright glorious day?" He transferred the cane and letter to the other hand, clasped mine and—smiled. "Well, now my boy, what are you doing here?" "Bishop, I spoke last night in old Centennary Hall over at the University." "Yes, yes, I know," he replied. "I couldn't leave Baldwin without coming to see you," I said. "And I should have felt badly, if you had," he said. Continuing he asked, "Why didn't you come this morning? I have just ordered a jitney to come and take me to town, to have my blood pressure taken, but he can wait. You must come in." While we stood there, a soft sweet woman's voice from an upper window spoke to him, "Will, have you my letter?" "Yes, Dear," and the tenderness displayed revealed the presence of love. We went into his library—a long room extending across the entire front of the house, with a fireplace in one end. and well crowded book shelves everywhere. Like all true lovers of books—he has no glass covers over his books. He seated himself on a big couch facing the fireplace. For a moment, there was silence. I felt like weeping that anything could do what had been done to him. His hair has grown much thinner, he has lost thirty pounds in weight, his cheeks were drawn and heavily lined, but his eyes—those windows of his soul—nothing had dimmed them. And his smile—that—came again and again as we chatted together.

(To be concluded in the June Number)

"THE QUEST"

The sincere seekers after truth are always evidenced by their determination to know all that they possibly can about the aspects of every problem. Their honesty is judged by their willingness to familiarize themselves with the best thought on both sides of every problem. The individual who really wants to know what is the truth is the individual who exhausts every possibility that suggests an answer. They pause in their quest before no barrier. The truth-seeker cannot consult his emotions, his predispositions, his own likes or dislikes. His personal whims, fancies and temperament must be no longer determining factors in his struggle for truth. The moment they are injected into the effort truth increases in its elusiveness—its realization becomes a postponed and at times a never occurring experience. I have the most profound admiration for the individuals who can give "a reason for the faith" that is within them while the willful ignoramous can only arouse pity. Macaulay has defined an educated man as one "who knows something of everything and everything of something." This is rather a high and unattainable standard but it suggests ambition.

In the contemporary controversy over what is true or false in religion we find examples of violation of the preceeding attitude on both sides. We have some "one-track" minds in both camps. Intolerance is always ignoble and is ever in conspiracy against the recognition of fact. Prejudice and bitterness never have solved one problem. There is no more bitter and paradoxical though it is, no more vicious

intolerance than that engendered by religious differences. The reoccurrence at regular intervals of this "war in religion" as civilizations evolves is attestation of the truth that the passions of men are more the forces in religion that their intellectual achievements. Every problem now under discussion by the "fundamentalists" and the "moderns" has been fought out again and again as every student conversant with the literature of liberalism knows. The breaking out of the conflict at regular cycles is an interesting condition in itself. It antedates even the birth of the Christian era. There were these two divisions or attitudes of mind when Socrates spoke and Phidias chiselled. Five centuries later the same issue raged on the hillsides of Palestine and resulted in Jesus being murdered as an heretic when he was rejected as a Messiah. So it has gone all down through the ages and so it will occur at intervals as long as the earth is inhabited. The very nature of the conflict is such as to percipitate the issue whenever the time is physcologically auspicious. No one, whatever their viewpoint, can remain detached. Every mind with religious convictions must enlist in the turmoil. Obviously then no honest mind can neglect any material, and source of information or any authoritative conclusion that will bring it nearer the truth.

"THE LITERATURE OF LIBERALISM"

Religion is once again on the "front page" of the press. But one would be sadly deficient in their understanding of the attendant problems if they based their conclusions upon the statements that are usually reported. The orthodox viewpoint of the controversial subjects is fairly well understood by liberals. Is the liberal viewpoint as familiarly known by fundamentalists? How conversant are the best minds of fundamentalism with the modernist position? It is pathetic that the attitude of so many of our fundamentalists friends is antagonistic to the literature of Liberalism. They remind me at times of the dear old lady who arose in a religious service once and said, "The New Testament was good enough for Paul and it is good enough for me." I have recently seen in the libraries of two "fundamentalist" clergymen—friends of mine and it was a most interesting revelation. I am quite certain that they might be somewhat surprised if they would make a visit to my own book room. I have tried to read every book published by an authority of the fundamentalists since the present outbreak. Besides I have on my library table their most outstanding magazines. I felt that if I was to respect my conclusions I must know all that I possibly could about the opposite of my own attitude. My approach to their literature was not in the spirit of criticism, vindictiveness or mere seeking after pregnable positions, but rather an honest effort to discover truth. The results, thus far, have only intensified and increased the reasonableness of the position of modernism. A religion which cannot stand the penetrating light of scientific knowledge and always must be carefully protected and coddled is a religion doomed to ultimate extinction. The religion which needs the assistance of law to prevent its being injured is a religion that will not and cannot survive. The action of a State Legislature is a poor substitute for the lack of self-propelling power in any religion. If the orthodox conception of religion must beseech coercion and compulsion to keep it alive it becomes a tragic travesty on the "Good news of Love" propounded by the Galilean. I wish my fundamentalist friends would manifest a little closer familiarity with the literature of liberalism before they become too vehement in their denunciation of the modernist viewpoint. Their own arguments would be more convincing and appealing if the products of their minds gave evidence of a better under-

standing of the issue. In a conversation with a fundamentalist the other day I had this brought forcibly to my attention. In every way the man is a fine individual. On business matters he is keen and reliable. In the great success he has made of his personal business life he has demonstrated good judgment and careful consideration of all angles but the paradox of his mind as he said to me, when I suggested he read Prof. George Burman Foster's great book on "The Function of Religion in Man's Struggle for Existence,"—"I wouldn't read a book by an heretic." I ask you honestly. "What is that man's opinion worth in this controversy?" Nothing, absolutely nothing. A very astute man said many years ago, "There are none so blind as those who refuse to see and none so deaf as those who refuse to listen." Perchance, some honest seeker and open minded person may read these lines and whether you are definitely located in one or the other of the opposed viewpoints may I suggest two books for your careful consideration. George Foot Moore, professor of the History of Religion at Harvard, has recently published the Morse Lectures of 1922 in a book which he calls, "The Birth and Growth of Religion"—an exceedingly worth while contribution. Felix Adler, who is the professor of Political and Social Ethics in Columbia University has just published the Hibbert Lectures delivered in Manchester College, Oxford, calling the volume "The Reconstruction of The Spiritual Ideal."

BOOK-CHATS

Almost every Sunday after the service some one comes to the pulpit and asks me where they could find the poem that I read after the morning reading. Nearly all of the poems I have read for the past two years can be found in an anthology of poetry called, "The World's Great Religious Poetry"—edited by Caroline Miles Hill and published by Macmillian. I have far from exhausted the selections I have chosen for the future. I think that this volume containing 781 pages is the most satisfactory collection of religious poetry beginning 1500 B. C. and extending down to the beginning of the last three years, that has ever been compiled into one book.

The novelist is the true historian after all and the outstanding characteristics of our contemporary life are being very faithfully portrayed in many recent novels. Out of the myriads being written probably one or two may survive the determining test of time. I cannot see how one could become very greatly disturbed over what has come to be known as the "Youth Movement." To me it is a very hopeful condition. Two men have recently contributed novels dealing with this theme. They both have a right to speak for they are daily in contact in the class room with the life they have discussed. Albert Parker Fitch has written under the caption of "None So Blind"—and Percy Marks has called his book—"The Plastic Age." Both are exceedingly worth while. Recently I passed a few days on the shores of a little lake, fringed with pine and birch in the woodlands of Northern Wisconsin. During my stay it rained most of the time but the weather made it possible for me to read a book that I predict will become the most talked about offering of the current year. They have a fabulous reward in Europe called the Gyldenal Prize which is given to the author of the best book written by a Dane or Norwegian in a great competition. This prize, which was 70,000 Krones or about $14,000 was recently won by a Danish author, named J. Anker Larsen, with a novel called, "The Philosopher's Store." I read this book in a little log cabin while the spring rain beat a pleasant accompaniment on the roof. In a sense it is not a novel at all but a panorama of the life.

"AN EASTER SERMON"

Probably no questions are any more universal in our thought than the queries which accumulate and cluster around the word "Death."

I suppose that most of us think more than we really have any idea we do about this fact of Death. What it is, what it means, what is beyond the experience called Death?

One of the great minds of the British people, one of their outstanding Prime Ministers, William Ewart Gladstone, was one time leaning against his library table, wrapped in deep thought. An old servant who had been with him many years came into the room. His coming disturbed Mr. Gladstone out of his reverie. The old servant turned to Mr. Gladstone and he said: "Mr. Gladstone, I have been with you a long time; so long that I don't think you would consider it impertinent if I were to ask you what the great mind of Gladstone could be thinking about that would give him such a moment of aloofness." Mr. Gladstone looked at him and said: "My dear sir, I was thinking of the first five minutes after death."

This morning we are not concerned with Death. Death is the inevitable, and that which is inevitable cannot be changed by the thought of man. Death is universal. It is as necessary as life and just as important. Anything which is as universal as Death must be beautiful.

This morning we are concerned with Life, not with Death. And if it is possible for us to bring a philosophy of Life, woven into the fact of Death and its significance, then our coming together will not have been in vain.

The will to live is the most universal motive in the human consciousness.

The will to live is the most universal law on this plane of our existence.

No matter the degree of intelligence, or how highly evolved a life form may have developed, every scientist in this audience this morning will tell you that every manifestation of life has within it as a part of its nature the will to live, either through the urge of procreation or continuation of the species, or in a persistent continued effort to live as an identity.

The universality of the will to live,to me is a logical answer that there is a life to live.

The mere fact that all life is constructed upon the basis of this urge to live is in itself an important factor to consider. Those of you who are philosophically inclined and who know your Kant, know that Kant (who has never been impeached as a philosopher) makes this logical presentment. Kant tells us that because there is this continual reaching out there must be something there to meet our grasp.

We are not puppets. Man is not a jest, nor is he an accident. Design is the law of nature. Order is necessary for growth, obedience to law is necessary for proper development and expansion.

Now at Easter time the attention of the people is focussed upon this thought of immortality. I think it is a detriment to center our thinking around a physical resurrection of a body; we take the manifestation of the miraculous for the ordinary processes of God and of nature. It is not the miracle that establishes the sovereignty of Iinfinite Truth, for with Truth there we need no miracle. It is not the breaking of natural laws that God must use in order to convince a people that there is such a thing as immortality. For the fact of God and the sovereignty of God is determined by the continuous operation of natural law, and it is not necessary for God to break any law, natural or otherwise, in order to manifest his sovereignty over Death.

And these days, and particularly at Easter time, our thoughts are all localized around a physical manifestation, and we look for the

open tomb, and we do not see it. The disciples missed it and they missed Him as He stood by their side.

It is not necessary for science to convince me of the physical resurrection of this body of Jesus. for Jesus in the fact of death was so highly sensitized to immortality by the beauty of His life that the mere physical expression of death touched Him less than anyone else in all the world. Death had no claim upon Him from the very beginning, for his spiritual resources were so vibratory that the death of the physical was taking place all the thirty years of His life. When there is a superdevelopment of the spiritual consciousness there sometimes is not very much demarkation between the physical and spiritual. Some people slip out of the world most easily, some of the sweetest spirits that are more closely akin to the eternity of Truth, the veil between them and what is beyond the tomb is not very closely marked.

Jesus was losing the physical all through His ministry.

Didn't He get hungry? The tempters said to Him: "Touch that stone and make it bread!" And even in His physical hunger Jesus knew that if He had touched that stone and eaten it Himself He would not have had any power to have fed the five thousand. Jesus knew enough about the law of the spiritual; He knew that you cannot fight the body with its sensual passions and its spiritual alignments, that you cannot feed the body with earth and expect the soul to live in heaven; that we must maintain an average of spiritual sublimity, and the higher our average of spiritual affinity with God the less our hold over materialism. That is the fundamental truth of the resurrection.

Being good, my friends, is a hard, difficult process. A person cannot rise to spiritual beauty over night, and no man becomes like Christ through water or confession or church.

The only way in the world that it is possible for us to come into the flower of spiritual Truth is by an ever unceasing effort to reflect the glory and the beauty of spiritual things.

So, these are the days when the atheists get in their handiwork. They come and say "Prove immortality." I had a man this week use that very expression to me. "Prove Immortality." He said to me, "Do you believe in immortality?" I said, "I certainly do." He said to me, "You prove it." How are you going to prove immortality? You can't prove it. There is not a single mind that this world has ever had that could prove immortality in terms of science or in terms of logic of the physical plane. There is only one thing you can do with the thought of immortality, and that is to live it. You can't prove immortality, but you can live immortality, and that is the very thought in connection with Easter that so many people disregard and so many people never see at all.

There is no way by which the scientists can take life into the laboratory, can take a little particle of protoplasm and put it under a microscope and find there in that protoplasm all your memory, all your ancestors, all your natural proclivities, all your inheritances,—everything that you are at this moment. And now, my friends, do you think that there is any way in which after science has done all that, that science can verify the fact that that little bundle of germs,—protoplasm, —is an immortal thing, on a physical setting?

Everybody, I think, these days agrees with the fact that with the coming of death there comes dissolution of the physical. And it all remains to this question, whether we shall judge man in terms of the unknowable or whether we shall judge the unknowable in terms of man. Whether I shall take my little finite mind, this little bit of brain that is mine, and with this will of mine, —this will to live, express myself, —whether I shall take these two little things and seek out in the great laboratory of life for some-

thing to answer the question for me: "Is thre such a thing as immortality?"

I can't prove it to you today. There is none that can. The only thing that I can say is this: Reasoning not by inductiveness but by deductiveness and attributing to the Creator certain qualities of consideration, I am convinced that He would not let me have this body and this brain and this heart for forty, fifty, sixty, seventy years in a world as beautiful as this, with so much work to be done—so much work to be done! that He would not give me all this, and then when this body grew tired and this blood grew thin and white, or these arteries grew hard, or this heart was overworked and this body should stop, this God could not annihilate this soul when this body was through and be the sort of God that I thing Him to be, and I have proven Him to be. No. I live now and I am eternal.

Don't think death is a way out. There is no way out. You have your immortal souls today and that immortal soul will be a part of you forever, and the question is not "Is my soul immortal?" The question is "What kind of immortality for this soul? That is the question. Not whether you will live again. That is not the question. The question is "What kind of life will you have when you do live again?"

It is not "Am I immortal?" The question is "What kind of immortality will be mine?"

That to me is the meaning of this Easter-time.

I must live forever. There is no way out. Death cannot rob me of immortality.

I have never had very much confidence in that theory that we became a sort of gaseous cosmos after we were dead. There are a lot of people in the world that think "Well, when you are dead with this body that is the end of the body." Of course, it is of the physical, although it was not the end of the physical body of Jesus. Jesus was so highly sensitized in the spiritual that his astral body was the body that came out of the tomb. He only speaks once of rising, but he speaks several times of the ascension. And those of you who know Greek, who have studied the Greek Scripture, can place a rational interpretation upon this matter that will be even satisfactory to the most rational mind and to the clearest thinker.

Jesus was more highly sensitized to Good than any other person in history. Why, we are told, if the witnesses are correct, that He appeared almost simultaneously in several different places, miles apart. Was that a physical body? No. It was the Christ incarnate, consciousness of God, that appeared. Not the Messiah of shed blood, but the Christ incarnate, consciousness of God that appeared on the Resurrection Morning.

People sometimes say, "Well, when I am dead, my soul goes somewhere I am not I at all. You are a sort of floating spirit. That is all". I would much prefer death to be the end than that I should just be a visionary spook floating around without any identity; I would much prefer to just lie down and die and have it all over with than to be "nothing" after I am dead, except "something."

Now there is a group of people that believe that. I am Preston Bradley here, and you are you, and we have our personalities and we have our work. We work out our destinies on earth, and when I am through with this tired physical body of Preston Bradley here I will surrender up this body to this plane, but the immortal soul which is my part of God in some other plane, when I leave this plane must give me another identity.

See what I mean?

I want to live as a unit, and not as a spirit.

I want to have a task. Why, I may preach better sermons there than I have ever preached here. (I could not preach them to any better people, but I may preach better sermons.) We may have

better music, who knows? Who knows?

But immortality to me is a survival of personality. Immortality to me is a survival of personality, or it is nothing. One thing or another.

Why, I have loved ones over them, on that other plane, I have a mother there. I want to know them and I want them to know me; I have friends there, and I want to see them again. And why should the physical fact of death make any difference with the survival of the immortality of our souls in the continuity of individuality?

No, my friends.

I don't know what it will be like, but I do know that God has never yet made a mistake, and whatever is after death will be for your benefit and mine.

That is the way to look at it.

God does not make any mistakes, and whatever it is will be the best that He can do. And I am satisfied with that idea.

Now there are three things in connection with this resurrection of Jesus, that to me stand out.

The first is that the disciples did not know Him.

Now if a man was dead three days and had come out of the tomb, and the people who had been with him most of the time did not know him, something has taken place, hasn't it? Just as a matter of logic. There had been some change of some sort.

And immediately afterwards it was a Magdalene, Mary Magdalene, she saw Him standing there and she thought He was the gardener. Why? Of course, he had on the old and torn robes that were blood-smeared and dirty, didn't He? And there were streaks of dirt and blood on His face, wasn't there?

And Mary turned to Him. She thought He was the gradener, and she didn't know Him, and the physical was fast disappearing, so rapidly was Jesus reorganizing Himself on this new plane of consciousness that He was afraid Mary would touch Him, and he said to her, after Mary did see Him and did recognize Him (although she didn't know Him until He spoke), "Mary." And then Mary said, "Master," and then Jesus, as Mary came closer to Him, said: "Touch me not." Touch me not. Jesus was on another plane entirely, and He knew that Mary, the physical, must not touch, for the complete fulfillment had not taken place.

He was through with earth, but He was in the unity with God in immortality. There is no death! I refuse to recognize it.

I stand by the side of the open casket several times every week of my life. I did yesterday afternoon. I stood by the side of an open casket there in the chapel at Graceland, with a broken-hearted mother and broken-hearted father and a broken-hearted lover, whose wedding day has been forever postponed. And when I saw the circumstances, and saw the whole situation, I did not bring to these people tragedies, tears and sorrows. No. Death cannot touch them. Death has no power over them. There is no death!

Job said: "If a man dies, shall he live again?" Here is the question: If a man dies, — if a man dies shall he live again?

And the Old Testament, throughout the centuries, had no answer. But Jesus answered:

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

"I have come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly."

Not your theological Jesus of your creeds, not your mandate doctrines of your churches.

Jesus never wrote a creed; Jesus never founded a church; Jesus never was interested in theory or speculation.

Jesus said, "I am the Way, I am the Truth, I am the life."

And insofar as you and I develop into that consciousness of the Wayfarer, the Truth and the Life, we become like Christ, and with Christ death has no power. The physical plane will change. It will be disassociated. It will all

change, but the spiritual cannot be touched.

Now, to me, the other point involved, and the final one, is simply this: The resurrection of Jesus in its spiritual interpretation, and why cannot we interpret spiritual symbols as they are supposed to be; why can't that be done? You do not need miracles. I think that this is the trouble with the Christians the world over. We need miracles. We want a circus God. We want a God that says, "See, what I can do" We want a God that says: "Look. Look at that!" Look, he walked on the water! We want a God that is on display. We want a God that is showing off.

I have a God that regularly and daily and hourly has for me a set of spiritual laws, that, provided I obey those laws certain spiritual results will obtain, and when I break those laws certain penalties will be enforced. That is the kind of a God I want. Not a display God. God does not have to be a performer to me. God only need be what He is, the heart of Love, the heart of Truth, the heart of Infinity.

No, to me the spiritual symbolism of the resurrection of Jesus is simply this:

When that body came out of the tomb, the world was convinced that there can only be a temporary triumph over Good. In other words, no matter how hard you try you cannot kill Good. That is the lesson.

Why, they howled and they hissed and they lied and they spit on Him and they tore his side and they nailed Him to the cross (which was only one of eighteen hundred crucifixions that were held in the Roman Empire). So many get the idea that the cross is just a symbol for Him. The cross was used uniformly as the death penalty by the Romans. Anybody that knows Roman history knows that the year Jesus was cricified there were eighteen hundred crucifixions on the cross, just the same as we have the scaffold today. And yet the cross has been appropriated as being something that is distinctly associated with the character of Jesus.

My dear friends, to me the virtue of Jesus was not in His death, but in His life. It was life that mattered with Jesus. Life!

And they howled and hissed at Him and tore Him and nailed Him to the cross, and the mob shouted to Him and said, "You think you are a God. Well, if you are a God you come down off from that cross and save yourself!"

Pretty hard test, wasn't it?

"Look," they shouted, "Look, everybody look, he says he can save others, himself he cannot save!"

And very soon that body could not stand it any longer, and the physical dissolution took place.

And who was there?

Mary, His Mother, and Mary, the Magdalene, who loved Him. Those two women. There they were. The rest of the disciples, when they saw Him dead said: "Yes, that's true, everything they said about Him is true. There He hangs. Yes, it's true. It is all over. Three years we followed Him, and there He hangs, a dead Christ, He could not even save Himself. There He is." And they went back to their tents, back to their homes, and two friends came and took Him down from the cross, and the two Marys never left Him, the Mother and the Magdalene.

And they took Him into the tomb.

And the world howled, the sky grew dark, lightning flashed; Nature was ashamed. It was all black. The world was running riot, a dead Christ, a dead Gospel. He is gone. Abandoned. Get yourself to the swine-pits and the orgies of the wine-rooms. Ye Romans, come out with your chariots and your horses. Christ is dead. He is dead! And the orgy was on. That scene was Friday.

It was night until Sunday, then the women, Mary and the Magdalene came. "Where have they laid Him?" "Have you taken Him?" And all at once we hear a cry: "Master."

But the symbolism of it is that

Evil never yet was able to permanently triumph over right.

That is the lesson of the resurrection.

That evil never can win in this world over right.

That is the story of the cross. And that sooner or later, if you are evil, you are going to pay the price.

Sooner or later it will be Easter morning with Good, and Christ, eternal Truth will walk once more about the hallways of your hearts. That will be your Easter morning. There is a legend the fishermen of the coast of Brittany tell to this day. There was a village that many, many years ago sunk into the sea, way down into the sea. The old Brittany fishermen now say that when they are out in their fishing boats, and are crossing the submerged city, sometimes they look down and see the church spires and see the buildings through the blue of the water, and if they stop their oars and are quiet, and their sails do not flap in the wind, they can hear the cathedral bell of the submerged city under the sea.

On Easter day you and I stop for a moment, we pause, we hesitate, and all at once we can hear, as I have heard today, singing soft and low, the cathedral bells of the soul, and those bells chant to me the music: Life, Immortality, God, Faith, Home, Love, Peace.

Can't you hear the cathedral bells of your soul chanting, singing to you today to go out in the morning of Easter, to keep your life pure and sweet and clean with God?

And then, when this thing called Death comes, we will simply say:

Lord, show me my task. I am ready!

THE PEOPLES CHURCH CHOIR

The congregation continues to be inspired and uplifted by the wonderful work the Choir is doing under the direction of Mr. Dewitt Durgin Lash. There are now fifty voices singing at every service with an enrollment of sixty-eight in the Choir. Until the new stage is completed the membership must remain at its present number. Beginning with the new church year the Choir will have one hundred voices. The Choir is planning an outing to be held over Labor Day. They are holding the rehearsals regularly and their efforts are deeply appreciated by every attendant at the services. In anticipation of the new church year Mr. Lash will continue to try out voices at his studio, 420 Fine Arts Building on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons from 2:30 to 4.

THE TEMPLE CLUB

The Temple Club is the organization in the church of the younger group. They have just closed their year's activities with the annual meeting. The retiring president, Mr. William Herzog, who is also a member of the Board of Trustees of the church, presented the church building fund with a check of $100 at the last meeting of the Board of Trustees as an expression of appreciation from the Temple Club. The Club has inaugurated a membership campaign and the corresponding secretary will be at their membership table in the lobby before and after the Sunday services. It is hoped that the young people of the congregation will respond to the invitation for membership. They will continue many of their activities such as hikes, beach parties, etc., during the summer. Mr. Lamar Hesselberg is Chairman of the Program Committee and Mr. and Mrs. Thos. A. Harrison have been chosen as chaperons. The plans for the coming year are being carefully outlined and will consist of social and educational events. The new officers' names will be found in the Directory Column.

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AN APPRECIATION

The response to the call for co-operation published in this space in the initial number of "The Liberal" exceeded all anticipation. We printed one thousand copies of the first number and there were no more to be had after the second Sunday following publication. This is most gratifying and encouraging. Evidently the friends and members of the Church feel that the magazine meets a distinct need in the life of our work. The Business Manager, Mrs. P. E. Goold, 919 Sheridan Road, is now busy with the Membership List. The only tie between the pastor and the Church during the vacation will be the magazine. There will be twelve numbers every year. The June number will be out before church closes for the summer. The July, August and September numbers will be issued the second week of the respective months. They will contain all of the usual departments of the Magazine. Dr. Bradley will write the Editorials from Arden Lodge, on Black Duck Island at Tower, Minnesota. Each number will also contain a sermon and other articles of interest. The only means of distribution which the church will have for the summer issues will be the Subscriber's List, therefore if you wish to receive the copies it will be necessary for you to send your name to Mrs. Goold. The subscription price is one dollar a year.

The Church deeply appreciates the spirit in which the magazine has been received. Will you not send your name at once. A space has been provided, at the beginning of the advertisements for your signature. Every dollar from the subscriptions except the cost of mailing the magazine, directly assists the Church. The advertisements make the magazine possible. If you prefer—you may call Mrs. Goold at Wellington 6147 and she will be glad to put your name on the Subscription List or write her at 919 Sheridan Road, Chicago.

CHURCH NEWS

The attendance at the church services during the month has been larger than at any time during the year. Every Sunday since Easter the large auditorium has been too small to accommodate those who desired to attend. On "Mother's Day" many were turned away. Dr. Bradley is closing his twelfth year as the pastor and in many particulars it has been the best year in the life of the church.

Judge Henry M. Walker, the well-known Chicago jurist, gave a very interesting address on Sunday morning, May 18th, on "The Preservation of Human Life."

The Peoples Gas Co. Post American Legion, Lakeview Post, Marshall Field Post, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Spanish War Veterans, Grand Army of the Republic and the Women's Relief Corps, have all expressed their intentions of attending the Memorial Sunday Service at the Peoples Church. Col. George F. Lee, is in charge of the arrangements.

The Annual Meeting of the members of the church will be held the evening of June 9th. The annual reports will be given and three members elected to the Board of Trustees. Every member of the church is expected to be present. The place of meeting will be announced from the pulpit.

Under the direction of Mrs. G. U Gairing, 1264 Winnemac Ave., the ladies of the Women's Club disposed of 2000 carnations before and after the service on "Mother's Day," thereby netting a very substantial sum to the club. Mrs. Gairing is chairman of the Flower Committee and for many years an ardent worker in the church.

The Western Unitarian Conference held its 71st Session May 12th and 13th at Lincoln Center in Chicago. A very interesting program was given. The general theme of the conference was "The Evolution of Religion and the Religion of Evolution." Delegates were present from every state in the conference. The Peoples Church and Dr. Bradley are members of this Conference and eight delegates represented the church. The Conference closed with a banquet at the City Club on Tuesday evening. Dr. Charles F. Potter of New York and Dr. Bradley were the speakers.

The church will close for the summer vacation Sunday, June 8th. Dr. Bradley on that Sunday will deliver the Annual Baccalaureate Sermon to the graduates of the High Schools, Colleges and Universities in the city. The services will be resumed Sunday morning, October 5th.

The only way you can receive "The Liberal" during the summer months is by sending your name and address to Mrs. P. E. Goold, 919 Sheridan Road. The magazine will be published June, July, August and September. To be sure of each issue be sure you subscribe with Mrs. Goold. You may phone her—Wellington 6147—if you prefer, only please do not delay as there will be printed only enough copies to mail to the subscribers.

Dr. Bradley gave an address before the American Unitarian Association at the Annual May meetings in Boston, Mass., Tuesday, May 20th. This is a national meeting and liberals were present from all over the United States.

The next Public Reception of new members will be held Sunday morning, June 8th, at the closing service. Those who are desirous of uniting with the church will kindly get their names to the Church Secretary or the Pastor as soon as convenient.

Dr. Bradley is always available for Funeral service, the Naming-service, the Sick Call, the Wedding

or for any other occasion where he would be of help. By calling Edgewater 4342 any morning (except Mondeys) appointments may be made.

The delegates from The Peoples Church to the Western Unitarian Conference were:
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Fuchs
Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Dalrymple
Mrs. W. H. Hermsdorf
Mrs. Dora Reynolds
Mrs. P. A. Pellage
Mrs. Spangler
Mrs. F. J. Crabb
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Denicke

We have been glad to hear from several of our members who are away from us for the time being. Lately we have received splendid letters from Bert Gay who is seeking health in North Dakota; Charles Jacobs whose business has taken him to Detroit, Mich., and Carl Megelin who is working for the summer near Green Bay, Wis.

We welcome back to the church Alan Crabb from Cleveland, whose business interest has been transferred back to Chicago.

G. T. B.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Woman's Club held their annual meeting, April 28th, at the Edgewater Beach Hotel. The morning session convened at 10:30 with the President, Mrs. Jane Waters French presiding. After the usual order of procedure of reports of officers and chairmen of committees, the nominating committee presented the ticket for election of officers and three new directors. The ticket met with no opposition and resulted in the following staff being elected:
President, Mrs. A. W. Fuchs
Vice Pres., Mrs. G. P. Boyle
Rec. Secy., Mrs. W. H. Hermsdorf
Cor. Secy., Mrs. S. J. Storfer
Treas., Miss Meta Roth Brand
Directors: Mrs. Dora Reynolds, Mrs. Preston Bradley. Mrs. Storfer and Miss Brand are not new officers, but they very generously accepted their re-election after much persuasion. Mrs. Bradley as a retiring members of the Board was also induced to remain as a director.

Before the gavel was given to the new president Mrs. French made a few remarks with much feeling, too intimate—too personal—too characteristically lovely to be coldly termed a speech. After thanking the members for their co-operation and the harmonious way in which the work has been carried on, Mrs. French concluded by saying that in her opinion there was no one better fitted to be the leader of this organization which she loves, no one to whom she would be happier to hand the gavel than Mrs. Fuchs who has been such a praise-worthy leader of the Educational Department this past year and a most helpful Vice President.

Mrs. French by the clarity of her vision, the strength of her character and intellect, the beauty of her heart has been able to realize many of the dreams which she held for the Woman's Club when she became its President two years ago. Mrs. Fuchs arose to the occasion as she always does, graciously accepting the honor paid her, for a few minutes she spoke eloquently, earnestly, appreciatingly of the work accomplished the past year, of Mrs. French's excellent leadership, and of plans for the future. Mrs. Fuchs has the spirit and enthusiasm that is not effervescent, but which burns with a steady glow inspiring others to greater achievement.

Mrs. Preston Bradley, Program Chairman, spoke with deep appreciation for the loyalty and interest all the members had manifested in the work of the society and the church, specially mentioning all committee chairmen and dwelling more at length on the harmony which has existed throughout, and of the splendid progress of the Departments, and the Club as a body, unquestionably due to the indefatigable ef-

forts of their leaders. In behalf of the Woman's Club, as a symbol of their appreciation and affection Mrs. Bradley presented baskets of flowers to Mrs. French, Past President, Mrs. Fuchs, Chairman of Philanthropic Department and a cream linen luncheon set was presented to Mrs. Henry Thomas, Chairman of the Bazaar. The Club then adjourned to the Marine Dining Room for luncheon. At 2:30 the new President, Mrs. Fuchs called the meeting to order and gave over the program to Mrs. Bradley. Miss Irma Becklenberg played a group of piano compositions by Edward McDowell with an interpretation which suggested her own genious. Dr. Preston Bradley addressed the society on two subjects, as he announced in his introductory remarks—the first being "Gratitude," the second the "Philosophy of Emanuel Kant." Earnestly he expressed his gratitude for the individual workers, and for the Club as a whole, for the spirit they have manifested, their progress and their loyalty; so enthused did the Doctor become in speaking of the achievement of the Club the past season, and the plans for the future, that only a short time was given to Kant. Miss Hope Summers of Northwestern University closed the program with a group of readings in tune with the spring time, these she gave gracefully with the spirit of an artist, charming her audience. It was indeed a day of "Hearts and Flowers," with many smiles—a few tears sparkling not far behind them — and with the spirit of a kindred interest and good fellowship! — G. T. B.

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